

"Our House."

22/2/10/23

19

The Child-ren had a cousin in Lon-don, named
Char-ley Mors. And one day the post-man
brought Ned a let-ter from his cousin Char-ley,
which said:-
Tell me all about your house. Yath-er say
I may come and see you some day; so
I want to know what sort of a place it is
your home is.

Ned could write very nice-ly, & his mother
told him how to spell the hard words: so
he soon had a let-ter ready to pop into the
post-office. This was what it said:

My dear ^{cousin} Char-ley,

I won-der if you will like
our house when you come; we all like it,
you know, be-cause it is our home. There
are two pea-cock's feath-ers over the fire-place,
and two china dogs, & a ^{with red legs} hick-ory, and
Dick's pretty mug. That is in the kitch-en
when we ~~all~~ live. Mother's big rock-ing
chair is there, and we all get into it and
have a good rock. We have a shelf for our
play things; and I have got such a
big hum-ming-^{bee}-top; you shall spin it-
when you come. We go up-stairs to bed.
Dick & I sleep in a jummy little room
when the ceil-ing comes down to the floor.
When it is winter the stars shine through
our window, and we say, Twink-le, twink-le.
Your loving cou-sin
Ned Brown.

The Star.

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Twinkle, twinkle, little star;
Now I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the blazing sun is gone,
When he nothing shines upon,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

Then the traveller in the dark
Thanks you for your tiny spark;
He could not see which way to go,
If you did not twinkle so.

In the dark blue sky you keep,
Yet often through my window keep;
For you never shut your eye
Till the sun is in the sky.

As your bright-tiny spark
Lights the traveller in the dark,
Though I know not what you are,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

Jane Taylor.

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'All round our House'

Mr. Brown laugh-ed when he read Ned's let-ter; and said, ~~is~~ Is that all you could tell Char-ley about the house? Run out into the gar-den, now, and see what you can find to say about the out-sides of your home.

So all the child-ren ran off into the garden first, when they stop-ped to have a good look at every-thing. Then they open-ed the gate, and cross-ed the road to the green, ^{there} ~~they~~ ^{run} ~~they~~ ^{round} ~~they~~ ^{again} ~~they~~ ^{looked} ~~they~~ ^{at the house}. ~~they~~ ^{they} stop-ped to have ~~look~~ ^{look} ~~at the house~~ ^{at the house}.

Then in they ran, all speak-ing at once, as ^{their} ~~their~~ ^{mother} ~~mother~~ ^{had} ~~had~~ ^{to} ~~to ^{cry} ~~cry ^{out} ~~out~~; One at a time, and the little ones first!~~~~

There are roses all over the house! And there are flowers in the win-dow. You can see the table when the door is open. There is a garden in front with wall-flowers and old-men in it.

There is a big dog at the gate, said little Dick: at which the rest laugh-ed, be-cause they knew the dog would not stay there always.

And there is a road out-side, & a green over the way where we all play, said Mary. And what have we on each side of us? Oh, Mrs. Hart-lives on one side, & Mrs. Green on the other, & there is her lit-tle Kitty tod-dling about in the gar-den.

We never thought of the back! cried Ned: so away they ran, ^{again} ~~again~~ ^{from} ~~from ^{to} ~~to~~ ^{tell} ~~tell ^{of} ~~of~~~~~~

a garden with goose-ber-ry bushes in it, and three bee-hives on a shelf; and Dick in his cage hang-ing out in the sun; ^{at least} ~~at least ^{and} ~~and ^{a dog} ~~a dog~~ ⁱⁿ ~~in ^{some} ~~some ^{things} ~~things~~ ^{besides} ~~besides~~.~~~~~~~~

The English Girl -

221 p 24 cm 33 22

Sporting on the village green,
The pretty English girl is seen;
As beside her cottage neat,
Knitting on the garden seat.
Now, within her humble door,
Sweeping clean her kitchen floor;
While upon the wall, as white
Hang her coppers, polished bright.

Mary never idle sits;
She either sews, or spins, or knits,
Hard she labours all the week
With sparkling eye and strong cheeks.

And on Sunday, many poor,
neatly dressed, in decent clothes,
says her prayers (a constant rule),
and hastens to the Sunday School.

Oh! how good should we be found,
Who live on happy English ground,
Where rich and poor and wretched may
All learn to walk in Madam's way!
Hans Taylor.

Jane Taylor.

'Our Village'

221 p 80 m 33 23

Green-gap, the village where the little Browns live, is a pleas-ant place.

The cot-tages are all on one side of the street; and they are white, or yel-low; and the front of every cot-tage is cov-er-ed all over with roses ^{with} other plants that have flowers.

In front of every cottage there is a long, nar-row gar-den full of sweet-smell-ing flow-ers.

Mrs. Tid-dy keeps the shop; and she sells every thing. Bread & ba-con, coal & flour, boots & fla-nel, & lot-li-p-pa for the little folk; what-ever you want, you may buy of Mrs. Tid-dy.

The Church stands at the top of the village. The black roo-ks build their nests in the church-yard trees, and cry, Caw! caw! to the people who come to church.

But you can hard-ly hear the rooks; the bells make such a nois-y vo-ice. They say, Come to church! Do not loi-ter! You'll be late!

At the other end of the vil-lage, there is a black-Smith's forge; ~~where~~ you may stand out-side & watch the red sparks fly up like as the Smith ham-mers at a horr-ible.

But the best place of all is the village green. There are black-berry bush-es ^{on the green}; and there are fur-zy bush-es with sweet ^{small} yellow blo-oms which you can-not get at be-cause of the pr-ick-les. And here the boys play cri-ck-et in the even-ings, and the girls have a play at ring, or tag.

Boys' Play, & Girls' Play.

MS. B. 1. 6. 33
24.

'Now, let's have a game of play.

Lucy, Jane, & little May.

I will be a grizzly bear,

Roaring here and prowling there;

Sniffing round around about,

Till I find your children out;

And my dreadful den shall be

Deep within the hol. low tree.'

'Oh, no! please not, Robert dear,

Do not be a grizzly bear:

Little May was half afraid

When she heard the noise you made,

Roaring like a lion strong,

Just now as you came along;

And she'll scream and start to-night

If you give her any fright.'

'You've your play, and we have ours.

Go and climb the tree again.

I, and little May, and Jane,

Are so happy with our flowers.

Jane is culting fox glove bells,

May and I are making posies,

And we want to search the dells

For the latest summer roses.'

Mrs. Hawkey.

'Our School'

221p June 33 25.

I have never been in-side your school, Ned;
tell me what it is like.

You know what it looks like out-side, father?

Oh, yes; I know the red school-house with the
big open win-dows. Some-times I ^{stand} ~~step~~ out-
side to lis-ten to a ~~morning~~ song, or to the hum-
of bees. And some-times, when I pass,
you noisy child-rens are in the play-ground,
hav-ing great-fun.

But Ned is not in in-side; we work away
at our sums and our writ-ing. And if ^{you} ~~one~~
stop to play, why, an-^{other} boy gets ~~down~~ ^{down} first,
and gets above you.

But he had ~~such~~ ^{great} fun in school yes-ter-day.

You know, father, our long desks go all
down the school: the first-class is at
the top win-dow, and our class ^{is} at the
bottom. And mas-ter's desk is in the

mid-dle of the room, so that he can
see us ~~as we~~ all stand in our desks.

Well, just in front of mas-ter's desk there
is a stool; and if a boy does not know his
les-sons he stands on that stool.

Tom Tus-pin did not know his spell-ings
yes-ter-day, & mas-ter call-ed him out, and
he was just step-ping up on the stool, when
funny little Kitty Green came trot-ting along,
the floor & pull-ed the stool a-way by its
leg; so that down came Tom, flat-upon
his back. We all laugh-ed so that we could not
go on with our spell-ing.

Work and Play.

Edinburgh 26

Work while you work, & play,
while you play.

That is the way to be happy all day,

That is the way to be cheerful & gay

At that you do, do with your might!

Keep this in mind from morning
till night

Things done by halves are never
done right.

One thing at a time, and that done well,

Is the best of all rules, as all wise
men tell:

Let this ring in your head as clear
as a bell.

Moments are useless if trifled away.

Keep this in mind through the
live-long day;

To work while you work, & play while
you play.

Charley Moss was not well, and the doctor said the best thing ~~would be for him~~ ^{would be} to visit the country for ^{that} a month or two in the country ~~would do~~ ^{him good}. Charley was very glad; for he said: How I shall see my cousins & play in the fields, and gather flowers and black-berrries. And his mother told him all about Green-gap: for Mrs. Moss had lived there when she was a little girl.

When Charley went to school he whispered to the boy next him: I am going to Green-gap! And when play-time came, the boys got round him in a crowd, and he told them all his mother had told him about the places and green country, and the woods, & the flowers, & the birds, & the green fields.

John my wil-son, a little lame boy with a white face, began to cry; and the boys ~~wondered~~ what was the matter with him. But poor little John my had never seen so much as a ^{yellow} ~~filler~~ butter-cup growing; and he longed for the green fields as much as a hungry boy long for his dinner. So that was why he cried.

John my lived in a court; and so did Charley and most of the boys in their school. They were houses on both sides of the way; and lines across, where the clothes ^{were} hung out to dry. And there were glass between the houses where the babies & little children sat & looked out. And the boys play was marvellous. And when you get out of the court you are in a noisy street. And you walk all along there, you can hardly feel your feet, there are so many of them on the pavement.